

George E. Tibbetts Jr
15 5th street apt. 7
Turners Falls Mass
01376

Received Aug. 31, 1989
answered Sept. 5, 1989
Notes in log handed by John Adams

Dear John (Pun intended)

Most of things you were telling me in your letter is not familer to me We all see things different in times like that. I never was in the third platoon, I always was in light machine guns

As far as combat goes I saw you only a few time.

One time when we were waiting to attack. We were sitting on the Vire La Taut Cannal. While waiting you showed us how previousl to the time we were there how you got shot in the helmit and the bullit went around the the back side of the helmit and out the other side. This was just before they blew the hedge row and raised hell with the guys near the hole blown in the hedge row.

(This was the explosion that killed S/Sgt. Jones. Dirt + rocks fell in hole with me)

Coarse I saw you now and then.

After we took hill 192 at St 10 we wereto straighten the line. This I think Was July 19. After we went a little way we were stopped by fire. Wacker set up his gun and fire. A mortar shell put it out Of action Wounding and killing his Squad. I think there was two killed, I cant rememer who. It seems to me that wacker was wounded in the leg. It looked bad enough to loose the leg But i Don.t Know. His Gun was gone so i Set up our gun and started firing. It was but short time another mortar shell came in and shut us up. I could feel rush go through me and blood came from my mouth like a fire hose, I spit Some thing Out And it stopped just like that. Then I think I was out for a short while.

I come too i saw the medics were working on me at this time i remember seeing you. It seems as though you brought the medics to me. The rest is blurry as far as I remember. They gave me morphine and found out later I can't take morpine. so I was not myself from then for 4 or 5 days. remember they left me Between the the lines over night. I woke up in a big fire between american and German T troops. It Meant Nothing To me, I had a nature call so I stood up to relieve myself. I remember seeing tracer bullets wizing by my head and I thought it was real keen.

The next day John Adams Again brought the litter bearers to me. They loaded me on and started back. All hell broke loose as we got up to go. I remember the bullits singing all around us. We finally got to a Jeep and They loaded me on and away we went me out again.

The mortar sheel had gone of in back of me. I caught a good load of small stuff in the back of the head. A good piece in the left shoulder from the back. From right side I got one in the throat, (That must be what I spit out for they could not find any metal in that wound.) A piece about the size of a nickel in my right shouler. they couldnot ta ke this one out as they would have to cut every musel in my back. It came frome tye right side too. From the front I caught a small piece in the Chin and one in the right brest.

Back at the field hospital they were operating on my wounds and they run out of novacaine so they went in my right shoulder without anything. A nurse was holding my hands when they done this and I bet I broke her hands the way I was squeezing them. But I got through this all right except my tounge was parrelized. You what to try to eat G.I. bread in this condistion.

I spent 5 months in the hospital in England.

?
Could have been July 11

